

# Ghostland Observatory, Sad Sad City

Been getting tired of my motor running  
Feeling overheated cause my life keeps coming  
My heart's been troubled by the speed of love

Searching the streets for a soul committee  
Talking ideas on lust and pity  
The fables I've found have no place at home

Well, I need you to want me, to hold me, to tell me the truth  
Say, I need you to want me, to hold me, to tell me the truth, yeah  
Ain't no party in a sad, sad city  
Ain't no party in a sad, sad city

Roll the dice, pay the price  
Dance with wolves in a pack of lies  
The blood we crave shall drive us all insane

Outerspace, it's a lovely place,  
Long lost love in flower vase  
Laying on the floor, shattered, battered and bruised

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